

THE GOOD KID GETS FIVE MINUTES AT THE MICROPHONE

i got all As,
a scholarship to a good school,
supported myself early,
performed public services,
humoured, at sunday dinners,
my parents' antiquated social attitudes,
not to mention my father's old-as-abraham jokes,
engaged in a discreet sowing of the overflowing seeds,
took, in proper time, a wife i love,
upon whom i begat kids that i love.
i know it sounds like i'm blowing my own bugle
but, honest to god (who was, incidentally,
a frequent supper guest)
i became everything my parents wanted me to be.
so you know the outcome --
my brother, the prodigal dipstick,
gets dragged in by the cat
and the old man can't wait to kill the fatted calf,
which just happened to be my oldest kid's 4-h project.

well, you're free to make whatever judgment you care to.
but as for me, i decided right then and there
that the old guy hadn't pitched a complete game
in thirty years, and as for the scriptures in general,
i would merely ask you to consider The Source
and how well his Creative Idea
seems to be eventuating in Space and Time.

incidentally, the repentant son proved (no surprise
to me) the classic recidivist --
the old man is down to his last t-bill,
what with bribing the kid's way out of the slammer.

SO FEW OF US CONTINUE TO GROW

i ran into this girl in a bar last night.
a few years ago we'd shared
some pretty nice evenings.

we'd broken up by mutual consent:
we each felt we needed room to grow.

since then i've put on 50 pounds,
she, about 100.

we've grown as unattractive to each other
as to the rest of the world.